

# LAFITTE OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
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## CHAPTER XXV.

Lafitte, after the departure of Gen. La Roche, permitted himself the solace of tarrying an hour or so longer, although he exchanged scarcely half a dozen words with Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, as they, with Lazalle and Harold Stewart, sat on the broad veranda.

He was unaccountably anxious and depressed; there seemed to be something in the air about him that set his nerves quivering, and filled him with strange feelings.

It was after three o'clock when, with a reluctance of which his manner gave no hint, Lafitte rose and signified that he must be going.

"Will you not come again soon," asked Lazalle, a new wistfulness showing in her face and voice, as he extended his hand to her.

Lafitte's only reply was a smile; and turning to say adieu to Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, he saw that she had left the veranda, and was standing on the lawn, some little distance from the house.

She was looking off toward the woods, and said, as Lafitte paused beside her, "There is the man from whom grandpere rented Kanahana, sitting under a tree with his gun."

"He expects to see me before I go, and is waiting for the opportunity," Lafitte explained, his voice softening as it always did when addressing her.

The violet eyes and the dark ones looked into each other; then a shapely brown hand possessed itself gently of a small white one.

"Oh, Captain Jean, I am so sorry—so very sorry! Will you not say that you forgive me?"

She spoke impulsively, in a half-whisper, and the other small hand was now laid over the back of the brown one.

Her look and words, the faint pressure of her fingers, sent a wild joy through his veins.

"God in heaven bless you for those

fleet of vessels apparently going down the gulf. While the boat sailed down the island's shore the smoke against the southwest sky showed more dense, and Baptistine, pointing to it, said, "That smoke looks to be not innocent camp-fire nor chimney smoke, my captain."

Lafitte was about to reply, when the boat came abreast of an opening in the trees, through which some of the buildings were seen to be on fire.

A chorus of exclamations and execrations broke from Baptistine and the crew, and one of the latter cried out, "This is the work of those cursed English!"

Lafitte raised his hand to command silence.

"Yonder vessels did it, rather than the English," he said, in a voice husky with rage, as he pointed to the disappearing fleet.

"And they are flying the United States flag!" shouted another of the crew, who had taken the spyglass lying near him and was looking through it.

"Shall we venture to land, my captain?" ventured Baptistine.

"Draw closer," said Lafitte, turning to the crew, who were staring with fury-filled eyes at the seemingly deserted island. "Draw closer, and I will signal. But be in readiness to turn about, in case I wish to head for Shell Island."

He waited until the boat was nearer the shore, and then, arching a hand over his lips, sent a water-bird's shrill call ringing out twice over the water.

Not ten seconds passed when a similar call came from the island, followed by the appearance of a figure upon the edge of the timber.

It was Nato, who waved his arms wildly and came scrambling down to the beach.

In a most disjointed fashion and accompanied by hysterical sobbing, Nato told all that he knew of a story which, for bad faith and harsh pro-

ceeding; but the former had seen Lafitte, who appeared to be wounded, carried to a boat, and taken out to the ships.

It was not until some time after this that Lafitte gathered a reliable account of the affair, and knew the reason for this murderous descent upon Baratavia. The facts were these:

Beluche had been received amicably by Governor Claiborne, who, after reading Lafitte's letter, setting forth in detail the recent offer from the English, listened to all the Baratavian messenger had to say, and informed him that he must, before deciding upon a reply, consult with certain other officials. He then, however, while treating Beluche and Lopez with perfect courtesy, held them as prisoners.

The conference, in pursuance of invitations similar to that received by Gen. La Roche, was held promptly; and a large majority of its members having refused to believe the truth of Lafitte's statements, Governor Claiborne, although himself in favor of accepting the Baratavian proposition, allowed the others to over-rule him.

The decision was, however, kept from the knowledge of Lafitte's messengers, as was also the fact that a large armed force was quickly organized to descend upon Grande Terre.

More bitter than ever before were Lafitte's thoughts that night and the following day. All seemed hopeless—so hopeless that, as he reviewed the situation, he became stunned beyond all ability to feel the rage which at another time would have been likely to control him.

But, true to his nature, he did not permit himself to be overwhelmed by the great disaster and sorrow that had come upon him. A trusty messenger had been dispatched at once to a point not far from New Orleans, where were those to be relied upon for the latest news from the city; and, upon the third day after the attack upon Grande Terre, the messenger returned with information that determined Lafitte to proceed there at once.

Pierre was at New Orleans, in gaol, wounded; some said mortally, others declared he was dying.

Wrapped in a long, dark cloak, with the broad brim of his hat making a deeper shadow over his face, Lafitte, as he stepped aboard the craft that was to convey him from Shell Island, looked a commanding figure of stern sorrow.

The men were reluctant to see their leader going into New Orleans, but none of them dared express this feeling in words, except as they talked among themselves.

"If any harm comes to him we'd better join the English, and help burn New Orleans," said one, as they watched Lafitte's boat pulled up the stream.

"Caramba!" growled a Spaniard. "It is to the cutting of the illustrious Senator Governor's throat I would prefer to give my attention."

"So would I," declared a Yankee, lounging next to the last speaker. "It is the governor's fault that Grande Terre was attacked. Captain Lafitte said so."

"Aye, we all know that," affirmed several voices, and Nato, unable to endure the hint of harm coming to his master, rose from his place on the edge of the group and stole away to join Scipio and Juniper, who were sitting by themselves before the door of Lafitte's cabin.

But here he found the same topic under discussion, for Scipio was saying to the younger negro, as if in reply to an assertion the latter had made, "Zey all so—dam! Zey Anglaise an' zey American, bose so—dam! Yo Juniper, ef zat le capitaine he come back nevair, den yo' bettain run—vamose away, lek de diable. Zey gil yo' to choke wiz rope roum' yo' neck, ef zat yo' lose dey protection of le capitaine."

(To be continued.)

Considerate.

Representative Kehoe of Kentucky tells of a considerate judge in his state who passed a sentence on a man convicted of murder. The judge said: "Mr. Dodson, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hanged. It is my wish that you and all your friends on the river to know that it is not I who condemn you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. Dodson, at what time, sir would you like to be hanged?"

The prisoner made answer that it was a matter of indifference to him, and that he was prepared to be swung off at any time. The judge continued: "Mr. Dodson, it is a serious matter to be hanged. It can't happen to a man but once in life, unless the rope should break before the neck is broke and you had better take all the time you can. But since it makes no difference to you, you may hang four weeks from to-day at 12 noon, but you may have a good dinner first."

Engineers Find Bearings in Fog. "When I was a guard," said Mr. Richard Bell, M. P., yesterday, "I could sit in my van with my eyes shut and tell where the train was at any moment. Working one section continuously one gets to learn the rhythmic song of the road and how it varies at each signal box, station, curve, gradient, tunnel and bridge."

"The sixth sense, which is more than mere hearing, is of the utmost value to a driver during fog. Denied the use of his eyes, he still does not 'lose his way' when he is on a familiar road."

"A driver cannot learn a new road when he is stoking, which should occupy all his time. He should always be allowed to travel as third man on the footplate, unfettered by work, and in two or three days, by keeping his eyes and ears open, he would learn the road."—London Daily Mail.

## COL. CODY LOSES

COURT FINDS HE IS NOT ENTITLED TO A DIVORCE.

### DEFENDANT WINS ALL POINTS

Judge Scott of Wyoming Says that the Plaintiff Failed to Prove Any of the Allegations in His Complaint.

SHERIDAN, Wyo.—The district court here on Thursday refused the petition of Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) for a divorce.

A decision in the case was not expected before Friday at the earliest, but the court room was filled with residents of Sheridan and the surrounding country when it was given. After the reading of the depositions was finished the lawyers for both sides announced that they would submit the case without argument. After a short recess Judge R. H. Scott asked the attorneys for the defendant, Wilcox & Halligan of North Platte, Neb., to amend their answer in the case by striking out those sections which dealt with charges against Colonel Cody's conduct in Chicago and his early excesses at Fort McPherson. When this was done the court found entirely in favor of the defendant, Mrs. Louisa Cody.

Judge Scott delivered an opinion of considerable length, reviewing the allegations and evidence and giving his conclusions.

"The law of the state does not make incompatibility a ground for divorce, but it does read that extreme cruelty, rendering the condition of either party to the marriage contract intolerable is sufficient ground to allow the granting of a divorce."

"The first cause of action in this case is the charge of poisoning on December 26, 1900, or some time prior thereto. The evidence wholly fails to support this issue, but shows the defendant was trying to rescue the plaintiff from a state of intoxication and administered not poison, but remedies which she deemed beneficial to him. His inability to speak on this occasion did not come from these remedies, but came from his excessive use of intoxicating liquors at the banquet board, and was as humiliating to the defendant as to the plaintiff."

"The unhappiness caused by the actions of the plaintiff is shown by the letter of her daughter Arta Thorpe, whose beautiful character shone out from her unhappy home and the words of her letter written before her death: 'Oh, papa, why did he do it. My heart is just broken over it. Oh, why did he do it?'"

Judge Scott also found that the charge of unbecoming actions on the part of the defendant toward the colonel's guests was not proven, that there was no evidence that she had even threatened her husband's life and that when attending the funeral of her daughter Arta at Rochester, N. Y., in February 1904, she offered a permanent reconciliation and no answer ever came to this. He then continued:

"She was an over-indulgent mother and wife who always took pride in his success and always looked forward to his home-coming and made great preparations to receive him."

"She entertained his guests with cordiality. She did not use profane language. The poisoning of his pet dogs was accidental. She never spoke disrespectfully of him to his friends or guests. She always accompanied him to the depot on his departure and was there to receive him on his return. In return for this wifely devotion the plaintiff has been cruel to her and heaped indignities upon her."

An exception to the ruling of the court was not noted by Judge H. S. Ridgley, attorney for Colonel Cody, and his request for sixty days for filing a petition for a rehearing was granted.

The motion for a new trial will be argued at the next term of court and in case this is denied Cody's attorneys will take the matter to the supreme court of Wyoming.

JULES VERNE PASSES AWAY.

Novelist Dies at His Home in Amiens Surrounded by His Family.

AMIENS, France.—Jules Verne died on Friday. His family was at his bedside.

M. Verne has been subject to chronic diabetes, but the disease did not assume a critical aspect until March 10. He gradually failed and the end was hastened by a stroke of paralysis covering his right side until the tongue was affected. The novelist retained consciousness until shortly before his death. He calmly foresaw death, called the members of his family to his bedside and discussed his departure. Deceased was born in 1828.

China Will Be Good.

ST. PETERSBURG—Paul Lessai, the Russian minister to China, has transmitted to the foreign office the most solemn assurances from the Chinese government regarding its intention to preserve neutrality.

RETREAT GOES ON.

The Russian Army Continues Toward Harbin.

ST. PETERSBURG—Commander-in-Chief Linevitch in a telegram dated Saturday says:

"On March 17 Japanese batteries bombarded our divisions in the valleys of Tavannun and Yanpu. The enemy appeared near Kaotitse on the railroad, about twenty miles north of Tie Pass, and their cavalry has occupied Fakoman. Our armies continue their concentration."

## RACE FOR HARBIN

Issue Depends on Marching Abilities of Armies.

ST. PETERSBURG—In view of the increasing number of doctors required at the front an official order was published Tuesday permitting during the war the appointment of students to medical posts and allowing foreigners to join the service.

General Linevitch's headquarters has been established for the present at Chenchawatzu, situated at the crossing of the Sungari river, whence he is directing the retreat of the three armies and disposing of the fresh troops of the Fourth corps, just arriving from European Russia. The protection of the Sungari bridge is vital to the salvation of the army, as the river is not fordable below Kirin, and once the line of the river is passed and the bridge blown up the Japanese pursuit will be effectually checked. At the same time the second army is falling back on the line of the railroad, while the first and third, with transport, are retreating along the Mandarin road to Kirin, both destroying bridges and roads and denuding the country behind them and making it impossible for the Japanese to live in the immediate wake of the retreat without their own commissariat. The Japanese are advancing over the Grand Trade route, twenty miles west of the railroad. However, they could probably live on the country, the road, just before the opening of the navigation of the Liao river, being crowded with Chinese provisions on the way to market southward.

Apparently it is a question as to which army will outmarch the other, although the general staff seriously doubts the ability of Field Marshal Oyama's fatigued soldiers, with the difficulties of getting guns, ammunition and provisions over the ruined roads, to continue the pursuit energetically.

No information is available regarding the strength of the Japanese column advancing along the Grand Trade route, but the war office says it is hardly large enough to constitute a menace with the dispositions General Linevitch is able to make of such troops. Nevertheless, St. Petersburg is in the dark as to the exact situation, and, considering the resourcefulness of the Japanese, there is constant fear that they may manage to get astride of the railroad and bar the Russians' retreat.

The Russian army in Manchuria is still to have the services of General Kouropatkin, who is considered by many, in spite of his series of reverses, the best general and foremost strategist of the Russian army. Sinking all feeling of personal bitterness because of his supercession and all the old time enmity between himself and General Linevitch in a patriotic desire to be of service to the fatherland, the former commander-in-chief volunteered to remain in any capacity with the army which he had so long commanded. The tender has been accepted by Emperor Nicholas and gratefully received by the new leader of the grand army.

MUST FALL BACK.

Rumor that Russians Will Not Be Able to Make Stand at Harbin.

ST. PETERSBURG—The possibility that if the Russian army should be unable to hold the lower line of the Sungari river at Chunchiatu it may be compelled to retreat not only to Harbin, but also further westward along the railroad, abandoning to the Japanese northern Manchuria and the Russian maritime Amur provinces as well, is the latest startling news from the front.

The strategic weakness of General Linevitch's position as he falls back northward is made clear by a Gushu dispatch to the Associated Press, in which it is pointed out that unless Chunchiatu and the Sungari lines, a scant 100 miles below Harbin, can be held, it will be difficult to maintain a position farther back before Harbin, where, with the front of the army paralleling the railroad, the practicability of a turning movement to completely sever communication and isolate the army 6,000 miles from home, is too serious for Russian consideration. In view of this possibility the dispatch alluded to suggests the advisability of immediately providing Vladivostok with war munitions and supplies for a two years' siege. The correspondent estimates the number of reinforcements needed to give General Linevitch the requisite superiority in force at 200,000.

Cody Divorce Case Drags.

SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Reading of depositions in the Cody divorce case was continued here Tuesday before Judge Richard A. Cott in the district court. Numerous objections raised by counsel are delaying proceedings. Final arguments will be reached Thursday or Friday.

New Ritual for B'Nai B'Rith.

NEW ORLEANS—The convention of the grand lodge, Independent Order B'Nai B'Rith, which has been in session here since Sunday, held an executive session Thursday night. The day session was taken up largely with committee reports. Late in the session commemorative services in honor of deceased members was conducted. At the session the report of the committee on ritual was adopted. This is a new ritual of secret work in force, greatly expanding and improving the features.

## Dwarfs of Ox Family.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle, known to the zoologist as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 inches in height.

## Mad Dogs Held Sacred.

It is claimed that if a dog goes mad among the Mokis, a special house is built for him, and there he is kept and nursed in the greatest reverence until he dies. Like the venomous reptile, the mad dog is sacred to this eccentric Arizona redskin.

## Wedding Anniversaries.

Wedding anniversaries follow: First, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; 10th, tin; 12th, silk and fine linen; 15th, crystal; 20th, china; 25th, silver; 30th, pearl; 40th, ruby; 50th, golden; 75th, diamond.

## Mosquito's "Usefulness" Lasting.

The old fashioned theory that a mosquito bites but once and then dies is a myth. Some varieties are ready for all comers although it takes three days to digest a full meal of blood.

## What the Dentist Says.

Toledo, Ohio, March 27th.—(Special.)—Harry T. Lewis, the well known dentist of 607 Summit street, this city, is telling of his remarkable cure of Kidney Disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was flat on my back and must say I had almost given up all hope of ever getting any help," says Dr. Lewis.

"My kidneys had troubled me for years. The pains in my back were severe and I had to get up several times at night. I tried different medicines but kept on getting worse till I was laid up."

"Then a friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and in about two weeks I started to improve. Now I am glad to admit I am cured and cannot praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly."

If you take Dodd's Kidney Pills when your kidneys first show signs of being out of order you will never have Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gravel or Rheumatism.

It is something to be very proud of if one has been so sick they had to have the doorbell muffled.

A 480-ACRE FARM YIELDS 25 PER CENT PROFIT IN A YEAR.

What a Mercer County (Ohio) Farmer Received from One Year's Crop.

Extracts from an interesting letter from P. H. Rynhard, of Starbuck, Manitoba, Canada, gives an excellent idea of the prosperity of those who have gone from the United States to Canada. He says:

"I bought, August, 1903, 480 acres of land, paying \$12,000 for it. We threshed 2,973 bushels of wheat and between 1,200 and 1,300 bushels of oats and barley from 200 acres. But part of the wheat went down before filling and was not harvested except for hay. The crop was worth at threshing time, \$3,900. Besides 120 acres laying idle except a timothy meadow, which is not included in this estimate. Counting the value of the product and the increase of value of land will pay me more than 25 per cent on the investment. Two brothers in the same neighborhood bought 260 acres each six years ago. They have not done a single thing to this land except to fence it and break and cultivate about one-half of it. Harvested last year 28 bushels wheat per acre. This year 27 bushels per acre. They can get only a few dollars per acre. These are only a few of many hundreds of such chances. It looks like boasting, but truth is justifiable and the world ought to know it, especially the home-seeker. I know of quite a few farmers that have made fortunes in from 10 to 20 years, retired with from \$20,000 to \$100,000."

Writing concerning another district in the Canadian West, S. L. Short says:

"Dear Sir—I have to inform you that I have just returned from the Carrot River Country in Saskatchewan, where I located land of the very finest black vegetable loam, which I am proud of, and will move in the spring. Farmers are still plowing there. A mild climate and beautiful country to behold. Cattle are fat and running outside. Wood and water good. Saw oats weighing 42 pounds to bushel. Potatoes large and well ripened; also wheat that brought there 82 cents. The country exceeded my expectations. Saw oats in stock, thicker on the ground than appears in many of the illustrations sent out in descriptive pamphlets. I have been in many western states, but the soil excels any I ever saw."

The Canadian Government Agents at different points report that the inquiries for literature and railroad rates, &c., to Western Canada are the greatest in the history of their work.

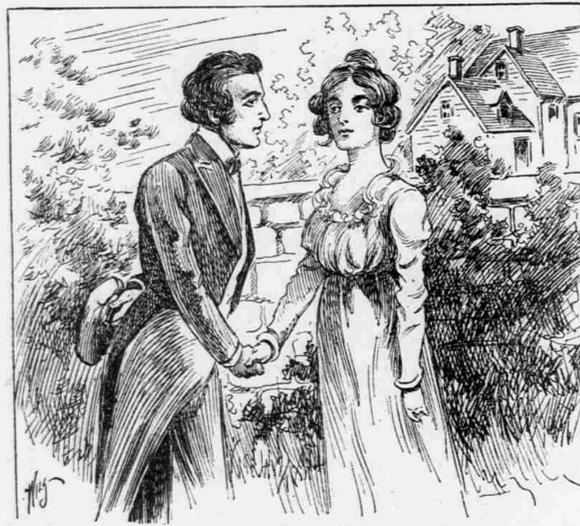
Some people drop out of a social set and others climb out.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906. NOTARY PUBLIC, A. W. GLEASON.

Hall's Catarrh Cure takes internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Don't quarrel with the cook until after you have dined.



"Adieu, and God's angels keep you."

words. Only there can never be any forgiveness between us, save as you may give me Heaven, by forgiving me. Try and trust me, child. Try and believe that I am not the monster you have thought me. Do this, and you can save me from what has been an earthly hell."

She looked startled, but the glad light showing in her eyes was assurance that she was not offended by his passionate pleading.

"Adieu, now," he whispered, bending so close that his breath stirred the bright hair rippling over her forehead. "Adieu, and God's angels keep you. I hope to see you soon again."

He was gone, but her hands still tingled from his close touch and his low, tense voice still thrilled her ears. With a joyously beating heart that made her inclined to weep as well as sing, the girl ascended with fleet steps to the veranda and fled to her room, locked the door and threw herself upon the bed.

She was laughing, but with tears crowding to her throat, and trying to get into her eyes, where, for appearance's sake, she did not care to have them show.

She did not ask herself why it was, what it meant, or what it might mean, to her life. She knew only a half-delirious joy, such as never before had come to her.

Ah, how (as she now admitted to herself) she had missed him out of her life—her brave, handsome Captain Jean! How she had missed his chivalrous, protecting friendship—the latent strength and decision showing in all he did and said! How she had missed the gentleness and reverence with which he always addressed her—the kindly deeds he was always striving to do for her.

The sun was nearly two hours high on the following day when the boat bearing Lafitte back to Grande Terre stole out from the wooded mouth of the Bayou.

Looking toward the island, Lafitte noticed an unusual volume of smoke lingering above the tree tops, and wondered why the men had so much fire at this hour of the day. Then, turning his eyes to the east, he saw a

cedure, has few equals in history. Early that morning soldiers from several vessels had descended upon Grande Terre. There had been desperate fighting, and all the Baratarians who were not now lying dead on the bluff above had been carried off as prisoners.

Nato, Juniper and Scipio had fled from the stockade to the thicker woods and more impenetrable part of the island; but they became separated and the boy had seen nothing more of his companions.

"Dey was dose Britishers, Marse Cap'n," he declared between his sobs, and digging his fists into his eyes.

"What was the color of their coats?" Lafitte asked of the boy.

"Dey wore blue coats, Marse Cap'n."

"As I thought," said Lafitte calmly, turning to his men. "No British enemy has dealt us this blow; it was the governor of Louisiana."

He then started up the bluff, the others following, with Nato bringing up the rear.

Inside the stockade were many signs of a fearful hand-to-hand fight. The house of the Lafittes was unharmed, although there were indications of its having been set on fire; but the flames appeared to have died out of themselves.

There was nothing more to be done at Baratavia. All the men, save Baptistine and his crew, appeared to have been killed or captured; the buildings were burned or despoiled; the vessels taken. Lafitte, therefore, putting aside as best he could all emotion and anxiety, gathered what was left of his portable property, and, with Baptistine and his crew, together with Nato, Juniper, Scipio (the latter two having, late in the day, come from their hiding place in the woods), took his way to Shell Island.

The older negroes could tell him little more than Nato had already related. Neither could they give him any information bearing upon Pierre's fate. There was left only the hope that he had escaped to Shell Island, where he might be found, alive at least, if not unburnt.

But in this Lafitte was disappointed. Dominique—you and some of his men

had escaped; but the former had seen Pierre, who appeared to be wounded, carried to a boat, and taken out to the ships.

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